Enter Petruchio Jaques, Pedro.

Petru. Prethee entreate her come; I will not trouble her
aboue a word or two; ere I endure — Exit Pedro
this life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one
to all mischiefs she can lay vpon me,
Ile goe to plough againe, and eate leeke porredge,
beggings a pleasure to't, not to be numbred,
no there be other countries, Jaques, for me,
and other people, yea and other woemen,
if I haue needes; here's monie, there's your ware,
which is faire dealing: and the Sun they say
shines as warme there, as here; and till I haue lost
either my selfe or her, I care not whether
nor which first

Jaques. Will your worship heare me?

Petru. And vtterly out worne the memorie
of such a curse as this; none of my nation
shall euer know me more.

Jaq. Out alas Sir, what a strange waye do you run,

Petru. Anie waye
so I outrun this rascall.

Jaq. Me thinks now
if your good worship could but haue the patience

Petru. The patience, why the patience?

Jaq. Why, Ile tell you,
could you but haue the patience,

Petru. Well the patience

Jaq. To laugh at all she does, or when she railes
to haue a drum beaten oth' top oth' house,
to giue neighbours warning of her larum
as I doe when my wife rebells.

Petru. Thy

Petru. Thy wife?
thy wife's a pidgeon to hir, a meere slumber,
the dead of night's not stiller.

Jaq. Nor an Iron mill.

Petru. But thy wife is certaine.

Jaq. That's false doctrine
you neuer read yet of a certaine woman.

Petru. Thou knowest her way.

Jaq. I should doe, I am sure
I haue ridden it night and day this 20 yeare

Petru. But mine is such a drench of ballderdash
such a strange carded cuningres, the raine bow
when she hangs bent in heauen, sheds not hir colours
quicker and more then this deceitfull woman — Enters Pedro
waues in her dyes of wickednes. — What saies shee?

Pedro. Nay not a word Sir, but she pointed to me
as though she meant to follow; pray Sir beare it
easie as you may, I need not to teach your worship,
the best man hath his crosses, wee are all mortall.

Petru. What ayles the fellow?

Pedro. And no doubt she may Sir,

Petru. What may shee, or what does shee, or what is shee?
speake and be hangd

Pedro. Shee is mad Sir

Petru. Heauen continue it.

Ped. Amen if it be his pleasure.

Petru. How mad is shee?

Ped. As mad as hart can wish Sir she has dress her selfe
sauing your worships reuerence iust ith cut
of one of these if multiply ith suburbs
for single monie, and as courtily

of one